

SOUVENIR NUMBER.



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# VOX LYCEI

SOUVENIR NUMBER.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, MAY, 1891.

## VOX LYCEI.

Published by the members of the Collegiate Institute  
Senior Lyceum.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, . . . . . WM. MITCHELL.  
HATTIE P. MILLS.  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS, . . . . . ALICE G. ROWSON.  
WM. S. DANIELS.  
WM. A. LAIDMAN.  
BUSINESS MANAGER, . . . . . A. W. STRATTON.

ADDRESS all Communications to  
VOX LYCEI,  
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, HAMILTON.

Contributions and correspondence solicited from friends and ex-students.

## Editorials.



FEW words will sufficiently explain the appearance of this number. The pleasing reception accorded to the first printed issue of this journal a year ago, has encouraged the Society in seeking a second time the public favor. Moreover, the possession of such a Souvenir can never fail to render more vivid recollections of life in the old School. If at some future day it may serve to recall once familiar faces and pleasant memories, it will have amply repaid the editors for any labor they have expended on it.

Even to those who have not lately been connected with the Institute the groups of local scenery, which are now presented for the first time, will give to the number an interest more than passing.

No subject of study is of greater importance than English Composition. The ability to express one's thoughts in pure idiomatic English is not easily acquired. To foster in young people a love for good English, and to induce them to take pleasure in improving the form of their writing, is no easy task. The formation

of a correct taste is at best slow, and frequently discouraging, work. In the formation of such a taste the reading of good authors is of the greatest help. The masterpieces of literature present to youthful minds a standard that is eminently fitted to give them proper ideas of form. The more reading of such works the better. The appreciation of good literature is the first prerequisite to the cultivation of literary style. Another great aid is the systematic study of some work as a whole. From such study the principles to be observed in composition are best drawn and learned.

It has, however, been found from experience that neither the perusal nor the minute criticism of standard literature is sufficient. The student must be encouraged to put these principles into practice. To make use of a familiar illustration, "We learn to play upon the lyre by playing upon the lyre." We learn to express our thoughts by expressing our thoughts. From these considerations it is evident that frequent practice in composition is a necessity. A pleasing feature of the work of the School during the last half-year has been the greater prominence given to composition in English. The skill which this practice will give must enhance the value of all other knowledge.

It is the intention of the Minister of Education, from statements made by him in connection with recent legislation, to introduce the teaching of Phonography into all High Schools and Collegiate Institutes and to make the Commercial Course more efficient. It is felt that a thorough comprehension of book-keeping and commercial transactions would be of great service to all classes in the community. The need for phonography is not quite so clear. Its best justification seems to be the demand for it.

## The Institute.



FROM the plate of the Teachers now presented it will be seen that a few changes have been made in the *personnel* of the Staff. Additional specialists in Classics and Mathematics were appointed in January last. The following list contains the names of those at present engaged in teaching:—

Chas. Robertson, M. A., Principal, Specialist in Modern Languages with English; R. A. Thompson, B. A., Vice-Principal, Specialist in Mathematics; J. B. Turner, B. A., Specialist in Mathematics and Natural Sciences; A. W. Stratton, B. A., Specialist in Classics; A. Paterson (Undergraduate), History and Geography; O. J. Brown, M. A., Assistant in Classics; J. T. Crawford, B. A., Specialist in Mathematics; W. H. Schofield, B. A., Specialist in Modern Languages with English; J. G. Witton, B. A., Specialist in Mathematics and Physics; W. H. Elliott, (Undergraduate), Assistant in English; M. A. Davidson, 1st A., Assistant in English; L. T. Lockheed, B. A., Assistant in English; A. E. Manning, Assistant in Mathematics; G. L. Johnson (Undergraduate), Commercial Subjects; S. A. Morgan, B. A., Specialist in Classics; J. A. Cameron, Junior Science; H. Birkenthal, Ph. D. (Prague), German; Sergt-Major Athawes, Drill and Calisthenics.

### RECORD FOR 1890.

#### TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

##### FIRST YEAR.

Pass List.—C. J. Cameron, W. Gillespie, Miss L. Cummings, J. M. Warren, Miss H. Birkenthal, I. E. Moore, H. A. Moore, P. Smith.

##### HONORS.

C. J. Cameron, Classics, Class II.  
W. Gillespie, Mathematics, Class I., first place.  
Miss L. Cummings and J. M. Warren, Mathematics, Class I., equal in second place.  
I. E. Moore and H. A. Moore, Mathematics, Class I.  
Miss H. Birkenthal and P. J. Pilkey, German, Class II.

#### JUNIOR MATRICULATION.

Pass List.—W. K. Allen, A. H. Birge, F. C. Briggs, A. Carpenter, J. H. Fielding, W. H. Gillespie, R. H. Gowland, C. W. Kappel, Miss L. Laing, A. D. Langrill, G. H. Levy, D. A. Souter, H. Wakefield.

##### HONORS.

W. H. Gillespie, Classics, Class I., second place.  
G. H. Levy, Class I. in Classics, French and German.  
A. D. Langrill, Mathematics, Class I.  
A. Carpenter, German, Class I.; History and Geography, Class I., second place; Class II. in English and French.

#### VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

##### FIRST YEAR.

M. C. Peart, First Class Honors in Mathematics and English.

#### JUNIOR MATRICULATION.

J. R. Hopkins, passed.

#### TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

##### JUNIOR MATRICULATION.

Pass List.—H. H. Bicknell, C. H. Carleton, H. B. Gwyn, J. C. H. Mockridge, A. B. Pottenger, Miss G. B. Potts, W. A. Secord.

##### HONORS.

C. H. Carleton, Classics, Class I., first place.  
H. B. Gwyn, Classics, Class I.  
J. C. H. Mockridge, Divinity, Class I., first place; English, Class I.; History and Geography, Class I.; Classics, Class II.; Mathematics, Class III.  
Miss G. B. Potts, Mathematics, Class I., first place, and Class II. in English, French and German.

A. B. Pottenger, Chemistry, Class I.

#### MATRICULATION IN MEDICINE.

Harry Galloway.

#### PRIMARY EXAMINATION IN LAW.

William H. Lovering, Ralph Blackley and James Dixon passed in January, 1890.

#### LIST OF CANDIDATES OBTAINING TEACHERS' NON-PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATES.

##### First B. Non-Professional Certificates.

Misses L. Cummings, E. Timpany, H. S. Williams and James M. Warren.



## SENIOR LEAVING EXAMINATION.

*First C. Non-Professional Certificates.*

H. Birkenthal, K. Bowman, L. Cummings, W. C. Ewing, D. Fletcher, Wm. Forbes, E. Jose, W. McG. Mitchell, P. J. Pilkey, A. Sinclair, G. Spark, D. Upfield.

## JUNIOR LEAVING EXAMINATION.

*Second-Class Non-Professional Certificates.*

L. Birkenthal, J. B. Black, H. Booker, L. M. Bridgman, K. Burkholder, S. B. Chadsey, J. D. Conklin, M. Cook, C. L. Dawes, A. Edwards, J. F. Felker, G. Kirkendall, J. H. Lemon, M. C. Lester, M. A. Little, L. M. McCarty, A. M. McLellan, H. B. Mills, C. J. Nicholson, E. N. Rankin, C. L. Shaver, F. E. Shepherd, S. W. Somerville, A. M. Templar, F. A. Twiss, E. Wells, I. A. White, M. Winter, Etta H. Henry.

## PRIMARY EXAMINATION.

*Third-Class Non-Professional Certificates.*

J. Adam, E. Andrews, E. Arthur, G. S. Bale, E. Birkenthal, A. Burkholder, C. Cotter, W. S. Daniels, L. C. DeCew, J. Doak, M. S. Fraser, J. S. Gunby, K. Gunn, O. Kelly, N. Lendon, K. E. Lenz, I. Little, K. McCandlish, R. K. McClung, A. McNair, B. M. Marsh, B. H. Nichols, W. Pettigrew, L. J. Raycroft, M. Rice, F. A. Roberts, M. E. Rutherford, A. Sellar, G. B. Snyder, A. Stewart, G. H. Sutherland, J. Teeter, G. H. Tomlinson.

## The Senior Lyceum.

*"Mens Molem Agitat."*

REPORT FOR WINTER TERM, 1891.



HE election of officers took place the second meeting of the term. The proceedings were characterized by all the old time enthusiasm. The result was as follows:—

Honorary President, Mr. Robertson; President, Mr. J. G. Inkster; 1st Vice-President, Miss S. Greenhill; 2nd Vice-President, Miss N. Berryman; 3rd Vice-President, Mr. H. M. Evans; Secretary, Miss L. B. Birkenthal; Treasurer, Mr. R. G. Black.

Executive Committee.—Misses Upfield, Marr,

Ramsay and Roberts; Messrs. Alexander, Shepard, Muckleston and Smith.

Reporters to City Papers.—Messrs. Gwyn, Manning and Gunby.

Officers of *Vox Lycei*.—Editors, Messrs. Mitchell, Laidman and Daniels; Misses Rowsom and Mills. Business Manager, Mr. A. W. Stratton, B. A.

Committee for Revision of the Constitution.—Messrs. Kirkendall, Muckleston, Black and Mitchell; Misses Rowsom, Aikman and Timpany.

The Constitution submitted was adopted, printed, and distributed among the members. Only students of the Third and Upper Forms are now eligible for membership. Three motions for changes in the Constitution were brought up during the term, all of which were defeated.

The membership of the Lyceum this term is one hundred and sixty-five. During the term the following honorary members have been elected:—Messrs. McClemon, Pearson, Felker, Gillespie, Pottenger, Telford and H. B. Gwyn.

Six debates have been held, which the Masters of the School kindly decided. The essays, the music and the readings have, on the whole, been very good.

The Glee Club, under Mr. P. H. Alexander's management, has been very successful. A selection has been given by it nearly every evening. This year ladies have been admitted to the Club, and their assistance has been of great service. Miss L. McCallum is the pianist.

Two open meetings have been held during the term. At the first Mr. Hugh Brennen was Chairman. The proceeds went to pay off the debt incurred by the printing of *Vox Lycei* last year. At the second Mr. Robertson, Principal of the School, presided. A farce was presented very acceptably. The proceeds of this meeting were set apart to meet this year's publishing expenses.

The Rev. E. M. Bland, of Christ Church Cathedral, addressed the Lyceum on April 24th. He spoke on the Cambridge boat races. His address will long be remembered by those members of the Lyceum who were fortunate enough to hear him.

## The Debating Club.



PERHAPS nothing more clearly exhibits the energy of our upper students than the recent formation of a Debating Club.

In studying the lives of great orators we find that they owed their success to the efforts of their youth. The time will certainly come when we shall be called upon to express our opinions in public ; when can we better prepare for this than during school life ?

In view of these facts some of our most enterprising young men, having talked the matter over for a few days, called a meeting of all students interested in debating. After a lengthy discussion of the subject, a Constitution, based upon that of the Lyceum, was framed and officers were elected. It was decided to hold a meeting every Monday evening after 4 o'clock. All who wished to become members of the Club were obliged to sign the Constitution, thus pledging themselves to abide by its requirements. No member is allowed to take part in a debate twice before all have spoken once, and thus all enjoy equal privileges.

Some of the debates, owing to the wit and humor of the speakers, have been amusing as well as instructive. Perhaps the following description of the first two may illustrate what has been done by lads who, we feel certain, will some day, do credit to themselves and the Club.

Cæsar of old was a general bold,  
And Pompey fought right well,  
But which of the two was the greater man,  
Two youths strove hard to tell.  
The gray old walls were no defence  
To check the force of their eloquence  
And the boys paid close attention.

Said one, " When Hannibal marched to Rome,  
A city a thousand miles from his home,  
All Italy stood with bated breath,  
And her soldiers thought of nought but death."  
Said another, " When Cæsar the Rubicon crossed,  
Pompey perceived that all was lost,  
And the world paid close attention."

The next debate that our members discussed  
Was " Protection *versus* Free Trade "—

Whether by dealing with others or not  
Our fortunes shall all be made.  
The speeches delivered were full of pith  
And arguments weighty connected therewith,  
And the boys paid close attention.

One speaker arose, and forthwith began  
To present the case of the workingman,  
Who toils for mere nothing from morning till night,  
And loses his job if he fails to vote right.  
But the affirmative held that the nation  
Would certainly drift into annexation,  
And the boys paid close attention.

Instructive and pleasing these meetings are,  
And the time cannot be distant far,  
When to those who have thus begun  
In eighteen hundred and ninety-one,  
The world will pay attention.

## The Athletic Association.



OF late much attention has been devoted to athletics, especially in connection with Schools and Colleges. No form of amusement could be more necessary or more beneficial when kept within proper restraints. In the Hamilton Collegiate Institute there has been from year to year a growing interest in Athletic Sports, which culminated this year in the formation of the Athletic Association. Formerly independent clubs were formed to play the usual out-door games, but these were amalgamated early this year and placed under the control of one Association. The popularity of the movement among the students may be learned from the fact that the membership list contains over one hundred names, and new members are being enrolled nearly every day.

During the winter months gymnastic exercises, under Mr. Frank Shepard as Captain, occupied the attention of the students, and the dilapidated appearance of the boxing gloves and the number of broken single sticks attest the vigor, if not the skill, of the contestants.

With the opening of spring the gymnasium was deserted, save during the prescribed periods on the school programme, and the Crystal Palace grounds became the centre of attraction. There the energies of members have been given chiefly to games of foot-ball and base-ball.



#### OFFICERS AND EDITORS.

- |                       |                       |                      |                       |                           |                        |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Miss N. Berryman.  | 2. Miss S. Greenhill. | 3. H. M. Evans.      | 4. Miss S. Roberts.   | 5. Miss L. B. Birkenthal. | 6. J. G. Inkster.      |
| 7. R. G. Black.       | 8. Miss E. Marr.      | 9. M. B. Smith.      | 10. Miss K. Ramsay.   |                           |                        |
| 11. Miss J. Upfield.  | 12. F. E. Shepard.    | 13. P. H. Alexander. | 14. Miss H. B. Mills. | 15. W. Mitchell.          | 16. Miss A. G. Rowsom. |
| 17. B. F. Muckleston. | 18. W. A. Laidman.    | 19. A. W. Stratton.  | 20. W. S. Daniels.    |                           |                        |



Mr. Muckleston has been elected Captain of the foot-ball club, and under his able management it is hoped that a team will be organized that, like all previous Collegiate Institute teams, will be able to hold its own with any amateur foot-ball club in the district. The cooler weather of Autumn is more favorable for foot-ball playing, and there will not be much regular practice till then.

Base-ball has evoked the greatest enthusiasm so far among the members of the Association. The team has been re-organized under Mr. Geo. Kirkendall as Captain, and from what has been seen of its work in practice, it will prove a credit to the school, and be able to maintain the reputation won by Collegiate base-ball teams in former years. The whole school seems to take an interest in the game, and large numbers put in an appearance at practices.

The Athletic Association has so far been very successful in fostering an interest in manly and health-giving sports, and its members feel that they will be amply rewarded for their exertions, not so much by victories on the green sward as by being physically and mentally invigorated for the prosecution of their work.

The officers for the present year are:—Mr. J. T. Crawford, President; Mr. Geo. Kirkendall, Vice-President; Mr. W. A. Philp, Secretary; Mr. Wm. Taylor, Treasurer.

### The Meetings for Bible Study.

**T**HE readers of last year's Vox will doubtless remember the article concerning the meetings for Bible study held by our students at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. Shortly after the issue of that number, Mr. H. B. Fraser, of University College, Toronto, urged the forming, in the Institute, of a branch of the Inter-collegiate Association, but no action was taken in the matter, and the meetings continued without permanent organization.

Early this term it was decided to arrange a series of topics similar to last year's, and to distribute printed copies among the members of the upper forms. Mr. E. A. Rennie was appointed leader; Mr. E. Patterson, assistant, and Mr. H. M. Evans, secretary. Meetings have been held every Wednesday evening from a quarter after four to five o'clock. The teachers, desiring not to interfere with the freedom of the students, have not taken an active part.

Sometimes the attendance has been small, but under the circumstances this cannot be thought strange. A passion for the formation of all sorts of clubs and societies seems to have taken hold of the old school this year, and now we are abundantly supplied with Debating Clubs, Athletic Associations, Lyceums and Secret Societies. All these must be supported; and not only these, but practices for open meetings, and botanizing excursions, mingled with numerous foot-ball and base-ball matches, are constantly demanding attention. But most of the boys who go to the meetings for Bible study, also manage to give a fair share of their time to these other miscellaneous gatherings, and they are all the better prepared to do so, entering into them with energy, having their minds uplifted by these intellectual yet distinctly spiritual discussions.

From the brief account given of the various Societies in connection with the Institute, it will be evident that it is the centre of much intellectual activity. The work involved in preparing for debates and in reading essays and the management of the affairs of the Societies, serve to give a healthy stimulus to the life of the School. Another benefit is the influence which minds have on each other, in softening asperities and in toning down eccentricities. The healthy criticism which hardens the sensitive, corrects the pert, encourages the backward and restrains the forward, is no small part of the advantage of attending a large school. This "little world" will best prepare for the larger concerns of after life:

## A Memory.

HER eyes so blue and gentle  
 Look out with tender light;  
 Her throat among the laces  
 Is exquisitely white;  
 Her hair is caught upon her head  
 In little curling tresses;  
 The lips illumined with a smile  
 That she alone possesses.  
 The sunlight stealing through the leaves  
 Drops gold upon her hair,  
 The sprig of balsam on her breast  
 Exhales a perfume rare;  
 And at her side upon the grass  
 Am I who love her so,  
 Awaiting till she speaks the word  
 That bids me stay or go.

Said I at any time her eyes were blue,  
 And looked from out their depths with tender light,  
 Or put in words the rapture of her smile;  
 Or said her throat was exquisitely white?  
 I may have said it, but it seems so long  
 Since that last time I looked upon her face,  
 That in my life she lingers like some dream  
 A sleeper has of Heaven's holy place,  
 That falls from out the night upon his soul  
 And fills him with the glory of its light;  
 Then leaves him, till he starts upon his couch,  
 And wakes to find that all it leaves is night.

*Stuart Livingston in "The Week."*

## The Influence of Music.

**I**F in the contemplation of this subject we could for a few moments turn our attention to music, if it may be so called, as it was made by those primitive peoples, whom we call savages, we should be carried far back in the history of its evolution. We find the untutored savage in close sympathy with this one of the "fine arts," in the power of which he had unbounded confidence. Let one of his fellow-beings be afflicted with any of those ills to which flesh is heir, and immediately the suffering one would be surrounded by sympathizing friends, who manifested their desire to be of assistance in a striking manner. Recognizing the fact that "music has charms to soothe a savage breast,"

they at once began to perform a kind of war dance around their afflicted comrade, while at the same time giving forth most unearthly yells and groans, which were accompanied by the beating of whatever "instruments" they possessed. They, believing that an evil spirit was the cause of the suffering, sought by this means to hasten its departure, so that what was terrifying to the spirit would be soothing to the patient.

The music referred to above would require a savage to appreciate, but coming down the centuries we find every age has its music appropriate to the character of the people living in it. Who can estimate the power of "the sweet singer of Israel," who by the music of his harp could soothe the passions of his infuriated king, until, influenced by the charm of those sweet strains, Saul once more regained the mastery of his rebellious nature; thus was brought about that which no other power on earth was able to accomplish.

Again, we read that with the Greeks music was thought to comprise all those refining influences which seek to expel from our nature that which is dross, and leave behind only that which will aid in building up true and noble characters. With them it formed one of the leading, if not *the* leading subject in the curriculum for the education of the children of their land, and doubtless owing much to its influence, Greece was long noted for the culture and refinement of her sons and daughters.

And still we see that what has been true in ages past is true to-day. There is nothing will calm a noisy multitude quicker than strains of sweet and familiar music. But why should this be? Is it not because there is in every nature, no matter how rough or uncouth, a hidden well of emotion, which the soft and subtle strain of music cannot fail to reach and disclose? A striking proof of this is given in the case of military troops enlisted for service in foreign lands; particularly among the Scotch it is said that before entering on a battle, on no consideration will their leader allow them to sing their national hymn, because their feelings being touched by



thoughts of home and friends, they are unfitted for active service for the time.

Another influence of music is that which comes to man from Nature around him. Longfellow, speaking of Agassiz and his nurse Nature, says:—

"When his heart was beginning to fail  
She would sing a more wonderful song."

and truly if nature had no song for us we should not know what she said to Tennyson in "The Brook," or even the mournful ditty that she sang to Longfellow in the "Rainy Day." It is not everyone that can interpret what she says in the music of the streams, the songs of the birds, or the mute thanksgivings of the flowers, but when we find one whose ear can catch the sound, what a flood of beauty, melody and harmony we have opened up to us. Our poets have found no other source so fruitful from which to choose themes to put in verse for us, and through them Nature is able to teach us many lessons which to the casual observer would remain unknown and consequently unlearned.

L. M. A.

## The Knight's Quest.

### I.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."



JUNE sun is hanging like a ball of fire in the western sky, sending its long, slanting rays through the leafy branches of the majestic oaks that surround a grim, old Norman castle, and lighting up the dark corners of the gloomy old pile with a golden glory. It (the castle, not the sun) belongs to the noble old race of de Montmorenci, and is a typical feudal castle, with its long line of irregular buildings, its round, ivy-grown keep, its quaint grey turrets and massive porticoes. Round the small but noble park run the high stone wall and deep moat, which in these warlike times surround every castle.

The ruddy sunlight streams through the high

Gothic windows on the head of a fair young maiden, of some sixteen summers, vying in rich color with her rippling tresses which fall in unconfined beauty over her ivory neck and shoulders, and forming a halo of light around her pure face, as it is bowed over her—crazy quilt.

Suddenly, the crunching of the gravel beneath is heard. She raises her head, with the look of a startled fawn in her eye, and steps forth to the moss-grown balcony, whose slender grey pillars are twined with rose vines, forming a bower of beauty for the petted daughter of the stern old Baron. It is a well known tread, and her heart palpitates wildly, as, drawing aside the thickly woven vines, she gazes upon the noble form of a young knight, who is rapidly advancing up the winding walk.

"It is he!" she murmurs, and the soft, rosy flush of young love creeps over her cheek, and a tender, dreamy light steals into her bright blue eyes. Giving one hasty glance at the opposite mirror, she quickly brushes her bangs and adjusts her skirts. As she sweeps down the marble staircase into the wide hall, in its dusky shadows, she looks like an angel of light to the restless eyes of the mail-clad knight who is standing before the fire-place arranging his cravat.

He turns, and as she glides across the hall, he falls on one mail-clad knee, with a bang which threatens to dislocate his knee-joint, and awakens the slumbering echoes of the silent halls and corridors.

"Oh! rise, Sir Knight!" she breathes, extending a hand of marble fairness, "Wherefore art thou so distressed?"

"Oh! Hildegard!" he murmurs, "thou knowest that I love thee, so that I weary of my life. How can I hope to win thee for my peerless bride, thou bright and morning star?"

The maiden's long curling lashes sweep her cheek as she timidly allows the prostrate knight to clasp her hand, but no word escapes from her lips, quivering with coy delight.

"Hildegard," he continues, pleadingly, "let thy bright eyes linger in pity upon thy wretched

knight. Give me but one ray of hope to disperse the shadows from my darkened pathway. Speak, dearest, and say if I may call thee mine."

Then, modestly, she struggles to disengage her hand, and in a voice of suppressed emotion, as she endeavors to conceal her love, says, "What power have I to give myself to thee? Thou knowest, too well, that I am Hildegard de Vaux Montmorenci, the daughter of a proud baron, the sole descendant of a kingly race, and that my noble father will not give his only daughter to one who is not her equal in birth, or who has not distinguished himself by some heroic deed."

A proud light flashes into his eyes and he rises to his full height. He is, indeed, a noble creature, one calculated to awaken an undying affection in the gentle breast of an unsophisticated maiden. He throws back his haughty head, and his voice rings with wounded pride and awakened enthusiasm:

"Lady Hildegard de Vaux Montmorenci, the lineage of Aldegonde de Maundeville is at least as noble as thine, and if he is as yet unknown to fame it is not through lack of courage. If thou dost doubt me, give me, I implore thee, some mission to perform, some difficult task to do, in which I may vindicate my honor as a knight, and my undying love for thee. If I fail I shall fall in foreign lands, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." If I succeed, I may be considered worthy even of the Lady Hildegard de Vaux Montmorenci!"

During this passionate outburst the Lady Hildegard has stood with downcast eyes, nervously toying with her girdle. Her bosom heaves with pent-up emotion and a sob rises to her lips; but, with a determined gesture she banishes these outward expressions of inward anguish, replying with a forced composure, "Sir Aldegonde de Maundeville, thy request is granted. But it would indeed be difficult to find a mission which thy heroism would not succeed in fulfilling. Forgive me if I have wounded thy spirit. I know," and her voice rising triumphantly, as she realizes that this

kingly creature is indeed at her feet, "I know that thou lovest me truly. There is one thing which wealth has denied even to the idolized daughter of Baron de Montmorenci, one thing, which despite the unremitting search of years, I have been unable to obtain. To bring me this shall be thy mission. I am conscious that it is a difficult task which I am assigning thee, but to thee alone would I assign it."

"Tell it me, O lady, I beseech thee, and if it lies within human power to gratify thy request, it shall be gratified," implores the knight, with eager love-lit eyes. "Thou may'st have to cross stormy seas," continues the lady, "to traverse burning deserts, to climb lofty mountains, to endure hardship and toil, to suffer hunger and pain, to vanquish hosts of foes, to struggle with the wild creatures of the forest, of the plain and of the deep, to feel the burning heat of the sun by day, and the icy breath of the tempest by night. But do thou this for me and Hildegard de Vaux Montmorenci shall be thy bride. It is this," and her voice sinks to a hoarse whisper, "procure for me within a year and a day, a preparation which will effectually and permanently remove freckles."

The knight gravely bows his head. "It shall be done, fair lady. But give me, I pray thee, some little love gift, some memento of thee, which, when I am far away, I may press to my throbbing bosom, cover with my kisses and water with my tears."

Hildegard tremulously draws off the silken scarf which is wound about her fair shoulders, and gives it to the knight. Then one passionate kiss, one last, long, lingering look of love—and Hildegard is alone.

## II.

"They know how fickle lovers are;  
Their oaths and vows are cautiously believed,  
For few there are but have been once deceived."—*Pope*.

A year has passed, and brought with it many changes round the castle of Montmorenci. Part of the noble park has been cleared, and the level green of a base-ball diamond is seen, which has

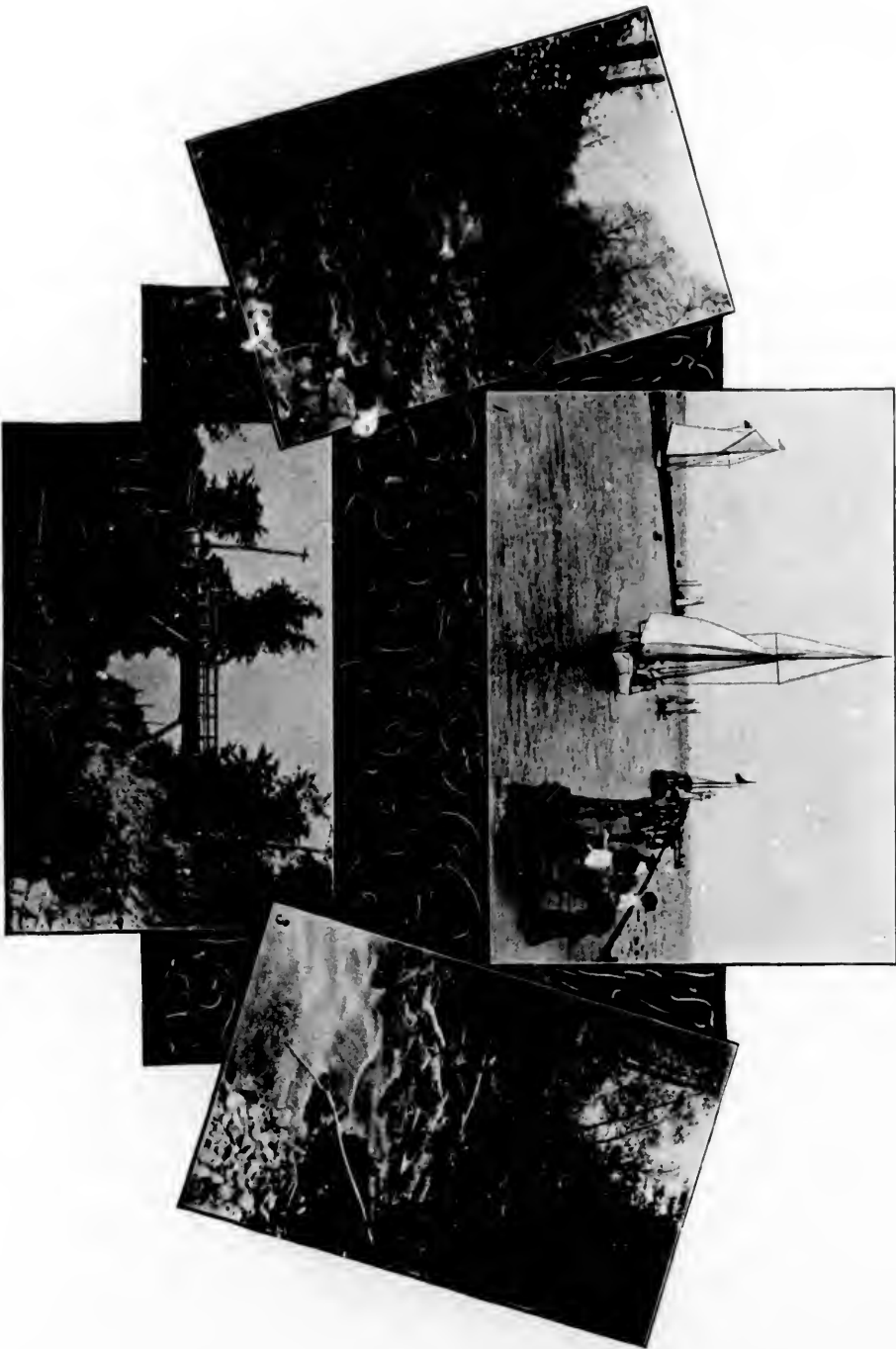
1. Piers at the Beach.

2. In Webster's Ravine.

3. Near Webster's Falls.

4. Stone Cutting, Mountain Side.

**FROM THE VICINITY OF HAMILTON.**





been made to gratify the baron's inordinate passion for the new game of base-ball.

It is dinner-hour in the castle, and at the hospitable board are seated the baron and a stranger. The contrast between the bearing of the latter and that of the noble-looking aristocrat by his side, is striking. His short, thick-set figure, clothed in the conventional striped suit of base-ball players, his coarse, red face, flushed with wine, his closely cropped head, all indicate the sporting man.

He is Hans Wurst, the famous German pitcher, whose adroit curves and well filled purse have won the heart of the stern old baron, and, we fear, that of his daughter also. "You know," the baron is saying, "that Hildegard is the only child of a noble family, and you—you make no pretensions to gentle birth. In consequence thereof I shall expect her to receive a large settlement if I consent to the union."

"Of course, of course," returned Wurst, with a hideous leer, "I cannot pay too much for my lovely Hildegard. But say, baron, when am I to marry her?"

"That depends upon the wish of the lady herself," replied the baron, nettled at his too familiar air.

"I broached the subject to her the other evening, and she did not appear to seriously object. She spoke of some former suitor, however, who—"

"Oh, as to that," interrupts the baron crossly, "you need not worry about him. I have forbidden the Lady Hildegard to see him, and she assures me that he is in foreign lands on some ridiculous mission of hers, and may never return."

"So far, so good," yawned the phlegmatic suitor "but let the day be set as soon as possible. And now, let's take a turn over the field to talk about arrangements for the great game to-morrow," and, lighting their pipes, the two leave the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The silver empress of the night  
Unclouded glimmers with a tender light."

The young moon is climbing up the dark blue canopy of heaven, "tipping the line of sombre fire with silver light," and casting pale shadows over the little balcony upon which stands a white-robed maiden, her pure face upturned to the starry sky.

The young leaves are quivering in the gentle night breeze, and the faint, delicious fragrance of half-blown roses fills the air.

It is a year from the night on which Sir Aldegonde left her on his well nigh hopeless mission, and he has not returned. The thought of him rarely fills her mind, but now, with the shadow (?) of her approaching nuptials upon her, and the calm beauty of the quiet June night strangely stirring her poetic soul, she has fallen into a reverie about her wandering knight.

Would he succeed? Would those horrid freckles, which alone marred her beauty, ever be obliterated? Yet, would she be compelled to give up the golden hope of a mansion in Paris, and all the fetes and balls in which her feminine soul delighted?

At this moment the creak of the draw-bridge breaks the deep stillness of the night, and presently the form of a dusty, way-worn traveller appears before her astonished gaze. It is her knight, Sir Aldegonde de Maundeville. Leaning over her balcony, Hildegard arrests him with a whisper.

"Stay, do not enter the castle. My father's anger is kindled against thee. We can speak here without fear of discovery. Tell me, hast thou succeeded?" An indescribable fear is chilling her heart.

For answer the knight raises aloft a blood-red phial. "Oh, Hildegard," he murmurs faintly, "for many weary months have I sought for this. It was at last only in far-off Arabia, where, sick and almost dying, I lay in the house of a dervish skilled in magic, that I found this priceless treasure, which alone can bring thee happiness. Say, dearest, hast thou remained true to me?"

Hildegard slowly raises her head, and dis-

closes a face pale as the moonbeams which glimmer o'er it.

"If thou hast indeed brought her a true remedy, Hildegard shall be true to her vow, though it break her heart to be so. Know then, that during thy absence I have not remained unsought, and that there is one whom I could find it in my heart to wed. He is rich, talented and famous, and has found favor in my father's sight. If thou hast been deceived in thy remedy then Hildegard is forever lost to thee."

With blanched face and trembling hand, the knight raises the lotion, and in a hollow voice says, "It shall not fail. Hildegard, I thought not this of thee. To-morrow I come for my answer," and tenderly picking up the half withered rose, which has fallen from her bosom, he presses one passionate kiss upon it, and is lost in the darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell."—Byron.

The rain is falling in torrents, and the light wind moans drearily through the dripping branches of the trees, which beat wildly against the grey walls. Within the castle, however, on this stormy night, all is bright and merry. The glitter of the silver, the rippling laughter of the gaily dressed throng, the radiance of the lights, the crash of music and the sound of tripping feet—what a scene of light and joy! But to the wild eyes of a haggard face peering in at the windows it is maddening. They hungrily follow the stately form of Hildegard—Wurst, who in her sweeping bridal robes is the "queen rose among that rosebud garden of girls." Her blue eyes shine with the same soft splendor as of old, the red lips are curled in the same lines of mocking sweetness, her glorious aureole of hair no longer floats in unconfined grace over her shoulders, but is braided around her shapely head, and gives an air of wifely dignity to her patrician face; yet, if the bridal veil were raised, the close observer might detect the tiny spots

which are dotted with charming regularity over her shapely nose and blushing cheeks, and which the potent lotion, alas for Sir Aldegonde! has failed to remove.

Presently the strains of a harp are heard. The soft, sensuous music of Love's Dreamland floats upon the air, and Hildegard is whirled away from the agonized sight of her despairing lover, on the arm of his plebeian rival.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning sun climbs through the pearly masses of rose-tinted clouds, banked up in the "checkered east," and throws its warm golden light upon the corpse of a young knight, lying beneath Hildegard's casement. His helmet has fallen off and his pale face and sightless eyes are upturned to the radiant beauty of the clear sky. The raven curls which cluster about his noble brow are in disorder, but upon his lips is a pathetic smile of perfect peace. A blood-stained dagger lies by his side, and tightly clutched in his cold fingers is a silken scarf, now dyed crimson in his blood.

It is Sir Aldegonde de Maundeville.

H. B. M.—A. G. R.

## A Day's Yachting.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
And a wind that follows fast."



YES, we have them all, literally, except "the flowing sea," and we are fully compensated for that in the broad stretch of brilliant blue water, lying under an August sky, whose hue is almost Italian in the intensity of its color. What a glorious day it is! One of those bracing days one sometimes finds in August, in which the yachtsman delights. A stiff southerly breeze is blowing, that just crisps and curls the waves, and makes the spray scatter as the boats rise on the crest of each swell.

Our yacht, which we shall call "Notus," is a forty-foot cutter, not renowned for speed, but thoroughly comfortable. A luxuriously fitted



cabin, with ten berths, a tiny kitchen in the fore-castle, and a neat little cupboard, with numerous compartments, in the stern, are her interior appointments. Outside, she is all shining brass, polished wood and black and gold paint. She is about to weigh anchor, her sails are set, and the mast bends and quivers with the impatient sail, unruly as a spirited horse eager for a race.

Now the ship's company must be introduced. One thing to be noticed is the effect yachting has on the characters of men. A man, quiet, in-offensive on land, becomes a tyrant when he dons the blue and brass of his yachting suit; every man must obey his orders, or woe be unto him. On land our captain would say, "Robinson, may I trouble you to hand me my coat." But Oh! here things are changed. It is, "You fellows there, get hold of that line," with fitting tone and gesture; and Robinson, who is one of the "fellows there" and a man who rules his own house, obediently seizes a rope, takes his place on the tow-line, or endeavors to "catch the moorings." Sometimes it will happen that a man does not know the different ropes; he will pull a sheet when he should catch something else, but let him look at the captain's eyes, and he will discover his mistake. They are cold, stony, scornful. But no information is vouchsafed him; experience is schoolmistress here. Such a man is our captain. He is absolute on board; "Notus" is his kingdom. He stands at the wheel, a fit subject for a picture. His dark blue shirt is open at the throat, the healthy brown tone of which shows how he has been exposed to sun and wind; the deep blue of the sky behind him, the gleam of brass from the wheel, and the clear white reflection from the sail, all add to the picture. It is a study in white, blue and gold; sail, sky and sunshine.

The crew is a heterogeneous company, but a common tie binds them—the love of yachting. There are a couple of business men, freed for a little while from office cares; a lawyer, whose brain the wind clears for his next case; some gay young collegians, home on their long vacation; and last, but not least, the one-armed German sailor, Fritz, who tends "Notus," and

who loves her every beam as he would a woman.

Next are the ladies and the other members of the party. There are the matrons, who, with pieces of work, wonderful to masculine eyes, sit chatting of household affairs; the rapturous maiden, who descants on the beauties of Nature, and inquires of one-armed Fritz if he does not "think it perfectly lovely when the water comes in that way over the side;" the curious young woman, who wants to know "what all those little strings on the sails are for," and how the captain "knows when to come about;" then the girl after the sailor's own heart, in her trim serge gown, who is never in the way, and who, if necessary, can take her place at the wheel.

All this time the wind has been freshening, and the cautious ones suggest a reef in the sail; but the captain says it is quite safe, so we glide through the canal into Lake Ontario. What has happened? "Notus" throws up her head as if she anticipated what was coming. Before, in the bay, she skimmed gracefully over the water; now she is a different creature. She seems to be vying in speed with the waves; every one on board involuntarily rises to see what has caused the magical change. What was passive enjoyment in the bay has become pure active pleasure in the lake. Conversation ceases. We are all lost in admiration of the beautiful flying thing that seems almost alive in her free, joyous motion. How fascinating it is to sit on deck in the lee of the sail, and watch the water fly past. What a temptation it is just to slip into the cool element that is nowhere so charmingly and dangerously near as on this slanting deck. One thinks how beautiful it would be to live thus, and to sail ever on the gold and purple sunset seas, on the other side of the horizon.

Another yacht is seen approaching; our captain knowing the craft, says she is the Commodore's yacht, and orders a salute to be fired. The little cannon is brought out, and makes such a report that the echo seems to come back from the shore. The other yacht gracefully dips her colors in acknowledgment of our attention, and goes on her way. The next order is to

"come about," and we bow our heads as the boom swings over; then we sail back to the piers to tie up, in order to take our nondescript meal, combining dinner and luncheon.

While this is being prepared, everybody walks slowly up and down the pier, thinking what a prosaic motion walking is after the enchantment of sailing. By this time our meal is prepared, and very pleasant looks the cosy cabin, with its hanging lamps, and table with snowy linen and shining glass and silver. Each one discovers he is hungrier than he thought, and does full justice to the generous provisions of the steward.

However social it may be to linger below, we must go on deck, for the wind drops in the evening, and as "Notus" requires a considerable breeze to carry her, we set sail, with the promise of a glorious harvest moon to light us in the Bay.

Little craft of all kinds are now on the water; canoes steal about noiselessly as guilty things, making the row-boats seem heavy and awkward in contrast. Outriggers fly past us, their long oars ever moving with a rhythm of their own, and making a soft swish of little waves.

The moon, now growing full, casts dark shadows from the sails upon the gleaming waters. The gentle thrum, thrum of a guitar is heard, and a girl with a lace scarf over her head, and the blue ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, sits in the moonlight looking like a bit of old Spain. The guitar is the signal for song and chorus, continued till, before we know it, the lights of the city tell us we are nearing home, and the important feat of "catching moorings" is to be performed.

The captain sternly commands silence, and every one keeps a sharp lookout for the buoy of "Notus." It is seen at last, and one of the crew takes a boat-hook to seize the "monkey," as the piece of wood floating from the buoy is called in yachting parlance. Directions are given from the bow to the captain; now it is "port," now "starboard," and "Notus" is at anchor. We

climb into the dingy, and are rowed ashore; the flapping of the sails as they are lowered falls upon our ears,—and the day lingers in our hearts a pleasing memory.

S. G.

## Idealism in Student Life.

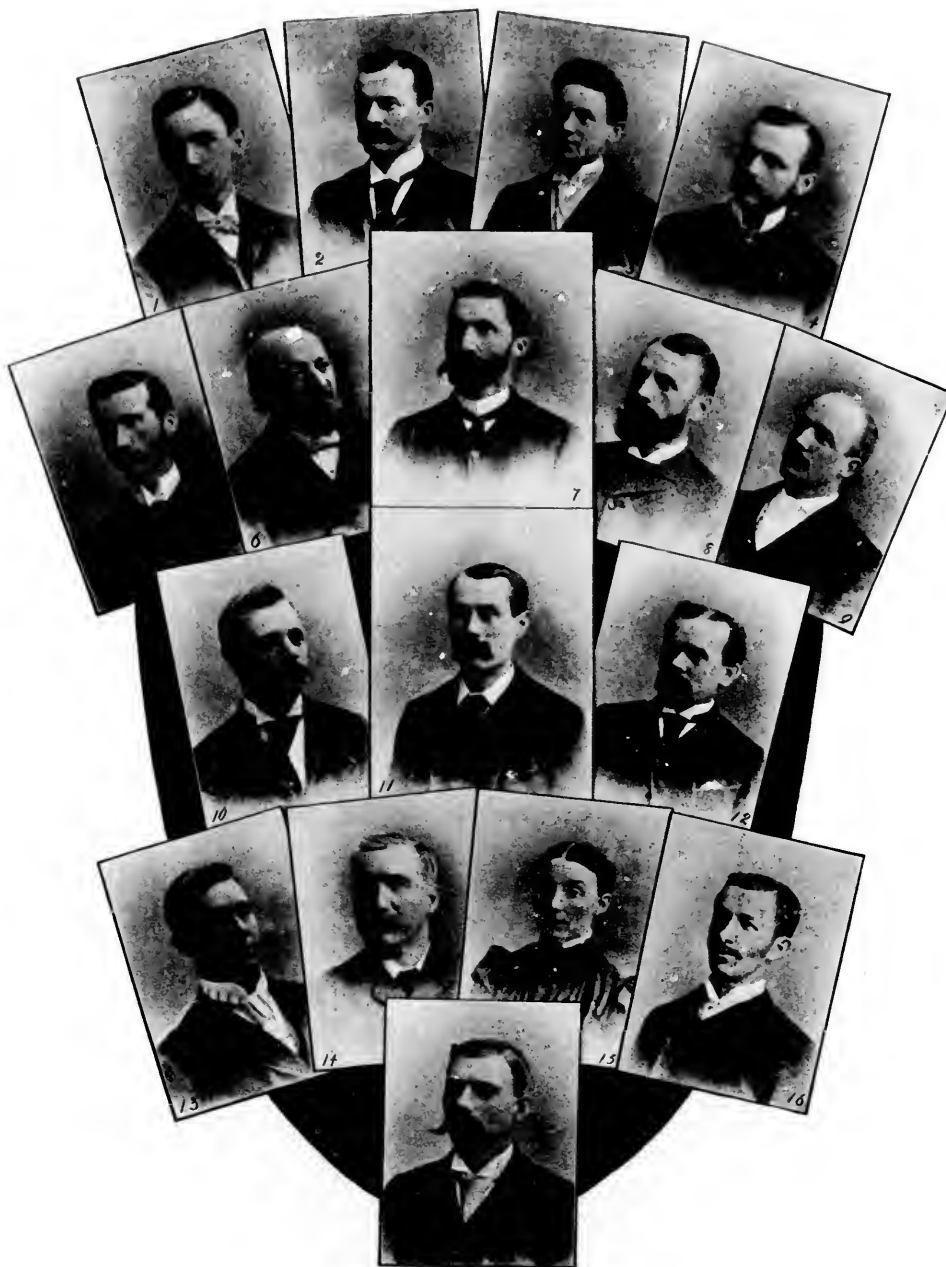


HAKESPEARE has divided man's life into seven periods. The student's life, however, may for convenience be divided into three.

The first is the happy time of youthful innocence, irresponsibility and joy, when "every sport can please," followed a little later on by the period of school life, through its various stages, when the different faculties are trained and developed in preparation for the greater responsibilities of manhood and the higher duties of citizenship.

The stern realities of life then confront him. Life assumes a more practical aspect. Its lessons are not to be found in college books alone, but more in the greater book of human experience. He does not carry in his satchel the secrets of how to provide for the urgent necessities of life; to discharge the functions of his chosen calling in life in such a manner as to reflect credit upon himself and recommend him for further advancement; to hold his own in the scientific sphere, in the pulpit, in the legislature or at the bar. To jostle with his fellow-men in the school of life, he realizes that he must be made of sterner stuff. He finds that far different principles must control his manhood. The gay frivolities of youth have laid no firm foundation for the busy active life that soon must follow. That he was "one of the boys" in youth is no criterion of success in manhood. The boastful records of the glorious brawls and dissipations of College life are not regarded as qualifying him for mercantile or professional life.

But sad to say these lessons are often learned when it is hopelessly too late. For old age soon overtakes him; the period in which he looks



# THE STAFF OF TEACHERS.

- |                           |                          |                           |                        |                           |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. J. G. Witton, B. A.    | 2. J. T. Crawford, B. A. | 3. W. H. Schofield, B. A. | 4. W. H. Elliott.      | 5. G. I. Johnston.        |
| 6. H. Birkenthal, Ph. D.  | 7. C. Robertson, M. A.   | 8. A. Paterson.           | 9. A. E. Manning.      | 10. A. W. Stratton, B. A. |
| 11. R. A. Thompson, B. A. | 12. J. B. Turner, B. A.  | 13. J. A. Cameron.        | 14. O. J. Brown, M. A. | 15. Mrs. M. C. Davidson.  |
|                           | 16. L. T. Locheed, B. A. | 17. S. A. Morgan, B. A.   |                        |                           |



back over life well or poorly spent, in which he at last realizes that his hairs are quickly ripening, either in honor or dishonor, for the grave. Then it is too often the case that this once promising youth sadly laments that those once bright talents, those active faculties, have been blunted by the rashness and folly of youth; that he has failed to attain that higher development and to accomplish that nobler work for which his being was brought into existence, and with a sigh is forced to admit that the work entrusted to him has been poorly done.

This is the gloomier aspect of the student's career, but fortunately there are few instances among Canadians of such a disregard of their opportunities. High up on the tablet of fame stand out prominently the names of illustrious Canadians, side by side with the honored names of other lands. There stand in exalted positions of public trust and of honor, to-day, many University men, whose noble and upright actions, persistent energy and untiring zeal have gained for them a well-merited place in our hearts.

The careful observer of their career and their crowning achievements must have been impressed with the fact that one great underlying principle has seemed to guide and control their actions to such marked success. It is to create an ideal and to strive after it. An eminent philosopher has expressed this thought, "that all men whose lives are based on principle have set themselves an ideal, more or less perfect." As Lord Byron has said:—

" 'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give,  
The life we image."

In New York harbor stands one of the most magnificent pieces of the sculptor's art that the world has perhaps ever seen. There it towers heavenward in all its colossal grandeur, "The Goddess of Liberty Enlightening the World." That calm and hopeful countenance and that placid brow, wreathed in a radiance of inspiring light, is emblematic of the peace and prosperity that pervade the land, of glorious achievements

yet to be attained, and of alluring anticipations yet to be realized. Her left hand clasps a tablet commemorative of the struggles and achievements of the successive generations who have so heroically fought and fallen in the battles of their native land. In her right hand is held aloft the lighted torch, typical of the exalted moral and social standing of the nation, and of the educational blessings that her people enjoy under the glorious light of our progressive and advancing civilization.

The appearance of the monument must impress the observer with the grand possibilities of human skill and perseverance, but it is of still greater interest to consider how nearly it approximates to the sublime conception of the designer. What a grand ideal! What a noble conception of a great principle! And what still greater and grander power of art to give that conception such perfect expression in form and feature! Could there be a more striking example of working out an ideal?

Man almost invariably pictures out some possible end of his present efforts, and thus almost unconsciously is ever acting upon the principle of "setting himself an ideal." The beginning is a reality, the end an ideal, the attainment of which depends only upon the manner in which the interval between the two is gradually filled up. This, of course, is to a large measure, dependent upon the circumstances and exigencies of life. The ideal may be a high and noble one, the ambition great, the faculties keen and alert; but the physical endowment too weak to stand the mental strain. Again, the failure to reach the ideal is too often owing to a defect, either hereditary or acquired, in the student's character. Unhappy also is he whose wasted life is due to an unfavorable environment. As Gray, that child of circumstances, himself says:

" But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul."

Fortunately our native land affords the highest educational facilities to all who desire to profit

by them. There is no position of eminence to which her humblest son may not attain. There is no official gift within the power of her people to confer, to which he may not aspire; and there is no honor which her people will not most graciously bestow upon him who is worthy.

There is everything to inspire the ideal in the mind of the student. His failure will be due to himself and not to his position. Those students who prefer the ball-room to the halls of learning, who measure themselves by their wearing apparel, their social connections and the little imaginary blue blood that runs in their veins, rather than by academical honors, mental attainments and moral standing, may depend upon it that they will surely fail to arrive at positions of prominence, usefulness and honor among their fellow-men. For they but forget that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
A man's the goud for a' that."

Could the principle of idealism be instilled into every community and into every nationality, it would tend to ennoble the individual, to exalt the nation and to uplift the race.

W. M. M.

### Pleasures of Spring.

**H**IDDEN in mossy nooks the violet peeps;  
Once more the brooklet babbles fresh and clear;  
The balmy air in fragrance nature steep;  
Poets and matrons say "now spring is here."  
Along the lanes the modest primrose blooms;  
The arching trees o'erhead are robed in green;  
The robin now his welcome song resumes;  
A warm sun smiles on the entrancing scene.  
Deep in the meadow sweet the young lark sings;  
A tenderer blue is in the sky above.  
'Tis now, O fresh young season! radiant spring.  
The young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love,  
The maiden's to the new spring styles, I ween,  
As, arm in arm, they stroll by quiet ways,  
Drinking in all the beauty of the scene  
And dreaming of the golden future days.  
Ah! Sweet 'twould be to wander side by side,  
To feel the joy of youth, with not a care,  
To gather snowy blossoms from the hedge.  
How sweet 'twould be! But Oh! the mud that's there.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis now the matron's lips are fixed and stern,  
Her brow is gloomy and her face o'ercast;  
The wretched husband passionately yearns  
To flee the town 'till the ordeal's past.  
And mingled with the carol of the bird  
And song of brook, the gentle rhythmic beat  
Of carpets, and the rattling clear is heard  
Of stove-pipes, and the anthem low and sweet  
Of John, who takes them down. O gentle spring,  
We love thee and thy happy golden hours  
For all the varied pleasures that they bring.  
The season of house-cleaning and of flowers!

H. E. M.

### Ayr, the Birthplace of Burns.



ULD Ayr, which the Scottish bard  
tells us

"Ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

owes its world-wide renown to Robert Burns, whose birth-place is near this town. But apart from this it is famed for being one of the prettiest spots in Scotland. Though it has no mighty dome, like St. Paul's, or royal palace, like Holyrood, yet Ayr has beauties of which not even the capital cities can boast—its wide esplanade along the sea, and its Low Green, where lads and lasses congregate by hundreds to promenade in the evening.

Starting at the Tam O'Shanter Inn, let us go on a trip to Burns' cottage, which is about three miles distant. This is the Inn Tam set out from the night he galloped himself and his steed into immortality. Here also Tam's "ancient, trusty, drouthy crony" the Souter, whiled away that night telling his queerest stories. After a short drive along a most beautiful roadway, flanked with gardens of gay flowers and fields of grain, we pull up at a small stone cottage with low thatched roof, that an uninterested observer would pass by as not worthy of a moment's notice; but the heart of every Scotchman warms to this humble dwelling, which with its sacred associations has made Ayr one of the best known places to English-speaking people the world around. Here, on the 25th of January, 1759, within this lowly roadside cottage, was ushered into the world a poor peasant boy, destined one



day to become the most popular poet of his native land.

We cannot describe our feelings when standing under this cottage roof. Here lived Burns' father, from whom were inherited all the elements of an honest man, "the noblest work of God." From the example of this loving father, the poet drew his masterpiece, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." The cottage presents now the identical appearance it did in the infancy of Burns. The stone flags on the floor are unchanged, and the table, scrupulously white all these years, is that which did duty a hundred years ago. Among interesting relics there we saw the spinning wheel of Highland Mary, the poet's bed, the same plain dresser, a leaf from his excise book, and the original manuscript of "Tam o' Shanter." On the wall is seen the following stanza :—

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names  
Of patriot, king and peer,  
The noblest, grandest of them all  
Was born and cradled here,  
'Tis but a cottage roofed with straw,  
A hovel made of clay,  
One door shuts out the storm and wind,  
One window greets the day."

A short distance from this cottage, on a gentle eminence, stands "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," a small roofless ruin, that dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century. This edifice is made famous by the scene of demon revelry so powerfully described by Burns. Through the iron grating in the door-way we peer into the interior, where Tam's excited imagination pictured the "witches and warlocks in a dance," at which he "glowered amazed and curious." As already said, the roof and rafters are all gone, and no wonder, if even half the snuff-boxes and other bric-a-brac sold as portions of the roof had really been made out of the rafters of the kirk.

Leaving the small enclosure of Kirk Alloway we come in a minute's walk to Burns' monument—an open, circular temple of classic beauty, rising some sixty feet above the level of the ground. It is situated on a lofty bank ascending from the Doon, in a garden finely stocked with flowers and shrubs ; and, unlike his monu-

ment in Edinburgh, this is undimmed by city smoke, and looks down on the bonnie river of whose "banks and braes" Burns has sung in soul-subduing strains. In the chamber under the monument may be seen the Bible which he presented to Highland Mary, with an inscription in his own handwriting. This was on the occasion of their last meeting, as he himself sings :—

"Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love."

Descending from the monument we walk through the garden to the little grotto at the further end, when an interesting sight greets us. There, seated side by side "in breathless beauty," each in his familiar chair, are Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny ; in dress and in feature, from the smile on the Souter's face to the texture of Tam's leggings, they are the very men described by Burns. These statues, so real, so life-like, are the work of Thorn, a self-taught artist. On a bright summer day it is hard to imagine a more beautiful spot on the face of the earth than that around the monument. From the monument we pursue the road leading to the "Auld Brig o' Doon"—the closing scene of Tam o' Shanter's romantic adventure. To those familiar with the tale—and who is not?—it is almost unnecessary to repeat the tradition referring to witches, "a running stream they durna cross." In this belief Tam urged on the grey mare "Meg" to gain the keystone of the arch before he should be overtaken by his weird pursuers.

Reluctantly leaving the monument and bidding adieu to the scenes made sacred by Scotland's best poet, we return to Ayr, having paid our homage at the shrine of him at whose name every Scottish heart beats high.

Burns has had his detractors, we must admit, but these uncharitable shafts of malice so fiercely launched at first against the mighty dead, are in the passing decades becoming fewer and fewer. Some there were who sought to emphasize his failings and obscure his excellences, closely scan his faults and shut their eyes to his virtues ; but to-day his golden genius

ary stars, growing brighter year by year, and unbedimmed by any cloud of calumny that may be raised by feeble, narrow-minded, uncharitable fault-finders.

"Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human."

C. J. C.

## The Future of Canadian Literature.

**T**O those who have given the matter a moment's consideration, it must appear rather singular that a country, blessed with such numerous natural advantages and such an enlightened people as Canada, should be almost wholly devoid of a national literature. Inquiring minds have often asked, "Shall we, as a nation, possess such a literature in the near future?" Let us consider the situation briefly, touching upon a few of the influences likely to aid or retard our progress.

It must be conceded that we possess, at present, little more than the nucleus of a literature. True, we can enumerate several Canadian writers who have met with considerable success. While we cannot boast a Shakespeare, a Longfellow or a Dickens, we can claim works of poetic and imaginative art of no mean order.

Many reasons may be advanced in explanation of this dearth of Canadian authors. One of the chief of these is the fact that already there exist two great literatures in the English tongue. Had Canada been deprived of easy access to the works of the greatest English and American writers, she would, without doubt, have produced a larger number of eminent literary men. An intelligent people must have books; and had Canadian ability been forced to choose between translation and original production, they would obviously have preferred the latter.

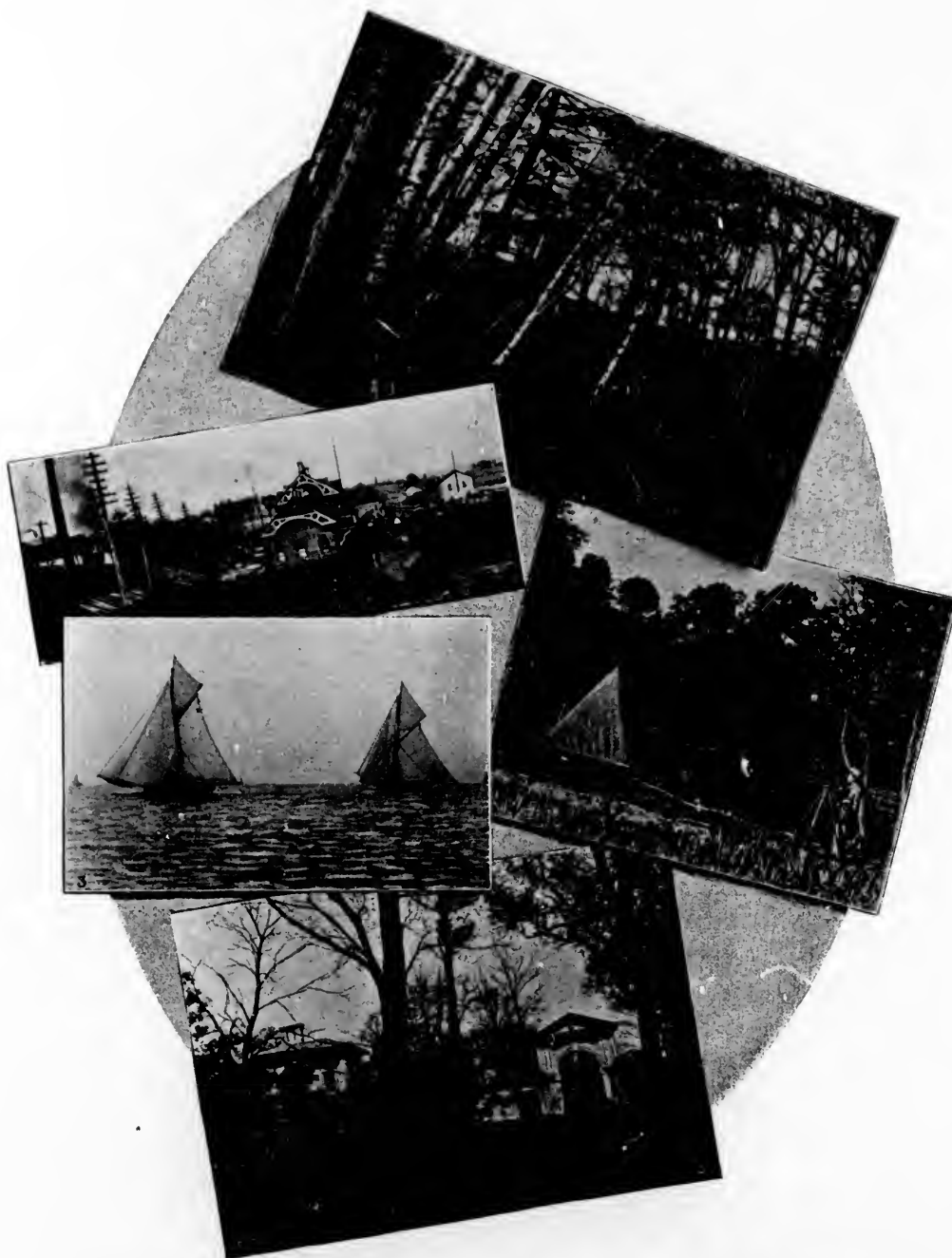
Now, an author to be successful, must be guided largely by the character of those for whom he writes; only by voicing public opinion

can he, to any extent, influence it. Is the Canadian public capable of appreciating and rewarding literary merit? With our superior schools, our well-equipped universities, above all the general diffusion of culture, surely we are in a position to appreciate the beauties of a national literature.

It is true that, as a people, we are without the social distinctions, the subservency to rank and birth which have played such a prominent part in the world's history, and which consequently have been made the burden of many a ballad, the theme of many a romance. This avenue is closed to us. Among us, such a production as "The Lord of Burleigh" or "Lady Clare" would be out of place. In this land of freedom and social equality, where merit is the passport to success, a writer would utterly fail in his attempt to gain distinction by causing the young Lord to wed the lowly peasant's daughter, or the rich and beautiful Countess to elope with the nameless adventurer. We should refuse to read long accounts of the descent of ancient houses, and are no more interested in the actions of a "real live" prince than we are in the colonization of Greenland.

Yet this is no disadvantage; the fact that we know but little of ruined castles and ancient border feuds, is no detriment to us. Those who can read the signs of the times must recognize the truth that even now human interest tends to centre in two things—nature and man in nature. The days for steel-clad knights and deadly tournaments have passed away, and are of interest to us only as relics of a by-gone age. On the other hand, the book of nature attracts us more and more as we attain greater proficiency in turning its pages; while as civilization advances, the interest in man will tend to centre in his higher and nobler faculties—those qualities which exalt him so incomparably above all other forms of life with which we are acquainted.

Another important consideration to be noticed is climatic influence. The nearest approximation to perfection, both physically and mentally, is to be found in those countries situated midway between the equator and the poles. Great vigor



1 and 5. In Dundurn Park.

2. G. T. R. Station.

3. On Hamilton Bay.

4. From Willow Point.



of either mind or body is seldom attained in extremes of heat or cold. A low, flat, unbroken country exhibits a marked tendency to communicate to its inhabitants a corresponding sluggishness and insipidity. In both of the above respects Canada is highly favored. Her climate is suitable for vigorous physical and intellectual development, and her almost endless variety of magnificent scenery cannot fail to inspire the delighted traveller with noble thoughts and prompt to lofty utterance.

With all our advantages, then, may we not predict a glorious future for our fair young Canada, in the arena of letters as well as in every other department of national development?

W. A. L.

## Visit to a Phrenologist.



ONE year, whilst waiting my turn in a barber shop, one of the boys showed me the following advertisement:—

### PHRENOLOGY AND FORTUNE-TELLING.

PROFESSOR WEISSNIGHTS, Phr. D., Graduate of Holzschneider University, Backwoods County, Kamskatika, will read heads at the

#### LION'S DEN HOTEL.

If you have any disease he will tell you HOW LONG YOU WILL LIVE.

The Professor is accompanied by his charming wife Madame Weissnichts, *nee* Mademoiselle Rouge, who will delineate your future.

TERMS. \$1.00 EACH.

After reading the above the boys told me it was great fun to get him to read your cranium. As fun is an animal I always try to capture, I cheerfully borrowed a couple of dollars and wended my way to the corner of C. P. R. and T. H. & B. streets, where stands the Lion's Den Hotel.

A servant ushered your humble hairpin into a dark and dusky room, which had been recently aired (about two days before Columbus discovered America I think.) The Professor came in, dressed in long hair and a coat made from the mantle of a weather prophet who lived about the time of the supremacy of Athens (the man-

tle fell on the Professor, and as he could not pawn it off, he had it cut down into a coat.)

He put his hand on my head, but drew it back as quickly as if it had been bitten by a Bengal tiger. The pressure on the sides of my thought reservoir had forced out a hide-bound irregular Latin verb, which dislocated three of the Professor's fingers. He asked me "if I had ever had my head read before?" I said "No, and I didn't want it red now; any color but that." He told me I didn't understand him, and that he meant "did I ever have it bumped?" I said "not since the night Kirkendall bumped it with the boxing gloves." He asked me, "did no person else ever bump it?" "Well, hardly; not unless he was bigger than me." The Professor smiled a smile that reached from his ears away back to the Lyceum elections last January. He said that I would make a good subject to fracture stones in a jail-yard, but that if I kept respectable I might do for a local preacher.

He added, that I was suffering from hay fever, measles, walking, trotting and galloping consumption, grippe and a few other slight ailments. I asked him if I should live long. This was a puzzler. He walked the floor for about ten minutes, and then said that he could not be sure, but that if I took care of myself I should probably live until I died.

The Professor handed out his hand for the bogus dollar I had borrowed, and I was ushered into the presence of his charming wife. She was a short, lean person, weighing about two hundred and twenty-five in the shade, gaily and becomingly robed in a crushed pumpkin satin dress, yellow hair string and a pair of No. 12 boots. Her eyes were so sharp from peering into the future that she could see right through me, and read the following, which was pinned on my back:—

### BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,

*For Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Death and all Diseases of the Human Body.*

She told me if she made any mistake to tell her. As it was all mistakes I failed to enlighten her.

I paid her the dollar and left. Before doing so, however, I asked her if she could peer into the future and see if I wouldn't be connected with the staff of the H. C. I. She said "Yes, I see you being engaged by the trustees. You are one of the most diligent in your duties. You stay at night long after the other members of the staff have left. I see you coming early in the morning; you go down into the cellar and tend the furnaces; then you come up-stairs, get a cloth, and begin dusting the seats you left undusted the night before."

A. P.

### Institute Items.

The presence of the first editor of VOX has helped to enliven one or two meetings this term.

Many of our former companions have been writing on the examinations at Toronto University. Our own time will come all too soon.

The impromptu speeches of the term should produce ready speakers. "Speak early, speak often," but always be brief.

Hamilton is deservedly proud of her educational institutions, and we are pleased to direct attention to the announcements in this issue of her four leading Colleges. In Music, Art, and Business Training they cannot be surpassed.

The foot-ball and base-ball teams have already made a creditable showing, the former playing a tie game with the Y. M. C. A. club, and the latter winning two out of three matches with the Canada Business College.

The advisability of re-organizing the Lyceum in the Fall has been much discussed. It is to be hoped that the Society will think favorably of the proposal at the annual meeting.

"In Darkest Basements and the Way Out," by Standly, of the Institute exploring party, is shortly to appear.

### Pupils in Attendance

*In the several Forms of the Institute, during the Winter and Spring Terms, 1891.*

#### HONOR MATRICULATION.

Lillian M. Aikman, Susie Greenhill, Alice G. Rowsom, Ettie Timpany.

Claude W. Freeman, Norman Gwyn, Thomas J. McMahon, Otto Palm, Montague Rolls, J. W. Rymal, Geo. D. Simpson.

#### FIFTH.

Theresa F. Bannister, Lily B. Birkenthal, Jessie Calder, Laura Laing, Luella Lloyd, Lydia McCallum, H. B. Mills, Bella Ptolemy, Emily N. Rankin, Louisa M. Stiff, Fanny A. Twiss, Ada M. Templar.

Robert H. Bell, John B. Colton, James D. Conklin, Harry M. Evans, D. D. Fletcher, Chas. Kappele, George Kirkendall, Howard Lemon, W. A. Laidman, Frank McCallum, Chas. J. McKay, E. A. Rennie, Frank E. Shepard, A. J. Shields, Robert Telford.

#### PASS MATRICULATION.

Maggie Craig.

Philip H. Alexander, James A. Baker, Wm. C. Bell, Robert G. Black, Herbert Brennen, Clayton M. Brown, John Burrow, Ernest Clarkson, Fred. Dillabough, Louis E. Eager, Charles Findlay, Charles Hume, John Hunter, George A. Inksetter, Ernest J. Johnson, P. A. Kerr, John Knox, Augustus Laing, Calvin McQuesten, George E. Mason, John S. Miller, William M. Mitchell, Frank Morgan, John P. Morton, Bernard F. Muckleston, E. P. O'Reilly, George Philp, William A. Philp, Melville B. Smith, Harry Southam, Pointer Standly, D. S. Stewart, Richard Turpin, Charles Ussher, George R. Whatley, Albert Williams.

#### UPPER FOURTH.

Ethel Andrews, Maggie Armour, Nellie Berryman, Etta V. Birkenthal, Ellen Burkholder, Louie DeCew, Jennie Doak, Margaret S. Fraser, Maud M. Glover, Lucy Griffith, Kate Gunn, Rachel H. Harris, Martha B. Jamison, Alma Judd, Orpha Kelly, Nellie Lendon, Kate Lenz,



Ida Little, Ella A. Marr, Bertha M. Marsh, Louie McCandlish, Kate McCandlish, Allie McCarthy, Jessie Morison, Lottie Pringle, Lizzie Prouse, Lillie Raycroft, Sara Roberts, Helena Rowe, Maggie Rutherford, Annie Sellar, Grace Sutherland, Catherine B. Sutherland, Sadie Springer, Mary Tolhurst, Jessie Upfield.

John Adam, G. S. Bale, Chas. Cotter, Edward Chamney, Wm. S. Daniels, Jonathan Gunby, John G. Inkster, Jacob Knechtel, Frank Manning, Robt. K. McClung, Fred. G. Paige, Edmund Patterson, William Pettigrew, Jas. S. Rowe, Ezra Storey, Jas. Sherwood, Geo. H. Tomlinson, Norman Webb.

LOWER FOURTH, A.

Jennie Anstey, Emily Arthur, Annie Athawes, Birdie Ault, Alice M. Beckett, Rachel Berry, Mabel Booth, Jeane Brown, Nellie Burrow, Annie I. Childs, Rhoda Featherstone, Catherine Forrester, Sadie Fraser, Nellie Furminger, Rachel Harding, Nellie Hooper, Martha Hobson, Bertha Kraft, Aggie Lavis, Hattie Lafarelle, Emma Mapplebeck, Daisy McLroy, Minnie McLaughlin, Emma Morgan, Elsie Ogilvie, Fanny Pettit, Lena Pillman, Kate Ramsay, Maggie Rodgers, Mabel Rutherford, Lillie Shepard, Annie Schofield, Isabella Sutherland, Effie Taylor, Mabel Taylor, Edith Taylor, Clara Winniffrith.

David Axon, Charles Blain, Norman Dewitt, Geo. W. Freeman, James Hopps, Milton J. Jones, Mathew D. McKichan, Alfred McCormick, William Smeaton, Wm. A. Taylor, James Woolgar, Frank S. Wrinch.

LOWER FOURTH, B.

Ida Black, Annie Burgess, Mary Brooke, May Cameron, Maggie Canwell, Maggie Donald, Ethel Doran, Alda Duncan, Louie Glassford, Lizzie Gordon, Bertha Jackson, Lillie James, May Kappel, May Marshall, Lizzie McClure, Hattie McQuarrie, Nellie Pearson, Annie Pillman, Belle Riach, Emma Smith, Fanny Smith, Maggie Smith, Grace Spicer, Aggie Sutherland, Lottie Terryberry, Jennie Thomas, Nellie Tinsley, Agnes Williamson.

George W. Black, Daniel Fletcher, John Miller, T. E. Morgan, George McNair, John

Pettit, John Rioch, Foster Studholme, Charles Tolhurst, James Twiss.

THIRD A.

Kate Alexander, Flo Campbell, Annie Laidlaw, Mary McNabb, Mary McQuesten, Mary Timpany, Ethel Ward.

James Barry, Arthur Bensley, James Black, William Blackie, William Bridgman, Herbert Burnes, John Craig, Albert Cummet, Henry Edwards, John Hoyle, Archie Kappel, William Lemon, George Leslie, Joseph Levy, Alexander Lewis, Henry Lyle, Hugh Millen, Herbert Moore, Manley Morden, Robert New, John Newman, Austin Pew, Andrew Robb, Fred Robinson, Charles Ross, James Simpson, Maxwell Smith, William Way.

THIRD B.

May Arthur, Edith Bell, Nellie Brown, Mary Campbell, Etta Donohue, Jennie Elliot, May Fraser, Della George, Jessie Honeyborne, Edith F. Insole, Annie McKichan, Laura McMillan, Nellie Miller, Martha Morrison, Jessie Murray, Florence O'Donnell, Hattie Peacock, Jennie Peebles, Amy Hope, Louisa Reid, Ethel Shaver, Aurena Shepherd, Annie Simpson, Mable Stannard, Alice Taylor, Ora Taylor, Annie Tolton, Ethel Wallace, Charlotte Wallace, Ella Waterman, Ella B. White, Emma Wilkinson, Mary Wilson, Emma Woodhall.

Norman Clark, Martyn Cole, Alexander Ferguson, James Pearson, Fred. Wastell.

SECOND A.

Maria Brennen, Kate Coleman, Mamie Dixon, Lillian Finch, Clara Glascott, Retta Hayes, Aggie Kennedy, Jessie Lemon, Edith McArthur, E. McKeand, Alice Madden, Bertha Rosenstadt, Lizzie Scott, Mabel Walton, Nonah Williams, Nettie Wood.

Harold J. Balfour, Albert Barr, Ralph Burns, Eddie Burrow, Charles G. Cowan, Bert. D. Dean, James M. Gibson, Charles Hardy, Thomas Harper, Hugh S. Hopkin, Arthur Kappel, Roland A. Laird, William Lemon, John Lyle, Irwin LeBarre, A. L. McCulloch, William L. McGiverin, Charles Morgan, Thomas Morrison, Robert Mullin, Alex. Murray, Herbert New

William Nichols, Fred. H. Rutherford, William Sheck, Calvin Sinclair, Fred. Smyth, John F. Taylor, Henry H. Triggs, A. Hadley Ward, Edward G. Willard, H. E. Williams.

## SECOND B.

Clara Berney, Birdie Birkenthal, Amy Bustin, Alice Catchpole, Lotta Chapman, Ada Doak, Edith Dunlop, Lillie Easter, Minnie Edwards, Emily Fotheringham, Lillie Fraser, Katie Gabel, Annie Griffith, Jennie Gleason, Hannah Hopgood, Mary Jones, Lucy King, Ada Lewis, Ida Lloyd, Eva McLean, Maude McDonald, Mary McMahon, Dolly Mead, Ethel Moore, Aggie Munro, Etta Olmstead, Ida Phillippo, Ethel Quarry, Lizzie Russell, Maggie Smith, Florence Teeter, Jessie Vallance, Constance Ferris.

John Gillard, Alan Glassco, Charles Henley, James Kilgour, James Leckenby, Robert A. Magness, John Malcolmson, Norman Nicholson, William Schofield.

## UPPER FIRST, A.

Mina Adam, Lizzie Anderson, Alice Balfour, Carrie Bennett, Nora Bowman, Herberta Bowman, Alberta Gage, Etta Hennessy, Ethel Insole, May Jamieson, Florence Jones, Florence Judd, Fannie Judd, Alfie Kilvington, Barbara Lowe, Emily Mason, Edith McCully, Mary McMahon, Lillie McLellan, Nora McNeilly, Annie Mead, Florence Morgan, Nellie Mullin, Laura Pepper, Maud Philp, Alice Read, Grace Rioch, Aggie Smith, Annie Stacy, Lizzie Taylor, Bessie Trusdale, Jessie White, Alice White, Helen Woolverton.

John Alderson, Arthur Angus, Herbert Barber, Alex. Ballentine, Albert Bond, Stuart Bruce, W. H. Campbell, Lorne Carpenter, William Elliott, Peter Filman, John Gordon, Lawrence Greene, Ralph Gunn, Fred. Hughes, John Johnson, Harry Kilvert, Leon Loosley, Wm. Myles, Ronald Preston, Wm. Ramsay, Geo. Renton, Grant Smith, Geo. Spera, Ben. Warren.

## UPPER FIRST, B.

Ada Armstrong, Annie Bayley, Alice Burton,

Maud Crysler, Edith Dallyn, Lillie Donald, Mabel Fowler, Lizzie Gilbert, Minnie Greenan, Mabel Griffith, Jennie Lannin, Jean McCallum, Carrie McIlroy, Clara McMichael, Maggie Medley, Edith Press, Ella Pringle, Bella Pulling, Mamie Roderick, Janet Thompson, Birdie Tribute, Edie Turnbull, Fanny Turner.

George Husband, George J. McArthur, Wm. McArthur, John McHaffie, Reuben Pease, Bruce Powley, John Roderick, James Simpson, Arthur E. Tindel, Stewart Tolton, Charles Webster.

## LOWER FIRST, A.

Jessie Allardice, Norma Bowman, Mabel Bird, Ethal Champ, Maggie Duncan, Brownie Elmslie, Annie Edwards, Annette Hart, Nellie Hendry, Ethel Kittson, Gertrude McLerie, Mary McPherson, Mabel McDonnell, Ella Moore, Minnie Munro, Emma Nicholson, Edith Peacock, Annie Peatfield, Maggie Robinson, Mary Simpson, Effie Small, Ida Smith, Ella Teeter, Belle Trail, Bessie Warner, Lizzie Wallace, Bertha Young.

William A. Duff, William G. Graham, Leslie Hess, Reginald McIlroy, Thomas McCann, William Miller, William Morrison, Hugh Murray, John Pettit, John A. Robinson, William Russell, Ralph Steele, Bert. Stokes, Sidney Tribute, Haviland Wanzer.

## LOWER FIRST, B.

Julia Barnard, Isael Bremner, Grace Bull, Carrie Craig, Annie Daniels, May Dempster, Velna Emory, Fannie Gunn, Rachel Gwyn, Ina Hills, Preapa Johnston, Rosa Livy, Aurora Mills, Lottie Morgan, Edith McBean, Maggie McFarlane, Helen McLennan, Marion Ogilvy, Ena Rutherford, Ada Smith, Maggie Stiff, Edith Taylor, Ada Waller, Jessie Wood, Hattie Woodhouse.

William Blathwayt, John Cameron, Edward Cape, Arthur Hooper, Frederick Jarvis, Daniel Kappel, John Lawrence, Forde McLoughlin, John Morrison, Frank Robertson, William Sanders, Edward Shaver, Reginald Watkins, Frederick Whitley.

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